

but as long as you love me so by **drippingcandie**

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Summary:

he takes a moment to take all this in. The snow, cuddling in castle byers, the doughnuts (which still make no sense to him), and the fact that he really loves will. he really does love will byers.

or will, mike, and the first snow in hawkins

but as long as you love me so

Author's Note:

happy holidays to @saturnbyers on twitter! i was their secret santa and this is what i put together :)

this is inspired by a thirty second scene in gilmore girls, i'm a fan.

“It smells like snow.”

Will and Mike are sitting on one of the benches in the park when Will says it. It's cold and they're both bundled up in coats. Mike's is wrapped tightly around his mouth and he has a hat pulled firmly over his ears.

Will sat next to him, but he liked the cold. He was only wearing a coat, no gloves or hat, and had a hot cocoa in one of those foam cups in his hands.

The gazebo was only a few more yards away from them, but Will preferred to sit out in the open of the park. The pond only sat a few feet away, all the ducks already migrating south for a warmer climate. The path they had walked to get here was still covered from the early morning frost.

“What do you mean, Will?” The sound is muffled from behind the card. Mike doesn't have his own hot drink. Will always prodded him about it, and he just claimed to not like how the sugar made his mouth feel. Will had laughed at him.

“It smells like snow.” He repeats, taking a sip of his drink.

Mike scrunches his nose at that, trying to sniff and see what Will is talking about. It’s cold, that’s for sure, and it bites the top of his nose.

“I still don’t get what you mean.”

Will looks at him, floored. “It smells like snow.” He begins fiddling with the end of Mike’s scarf, tugging at the ends a bit. “Like,” Mike watches him as the fidgeting stops momentarily.

“You okay, Will?” Mike looks at him, just slightly concerned.

The tensions seems to ease up from Will’s shoulders significantly and the hand fall’s from Mike’s scarf. Something seems to be distracting Will. Mike figures it’s probably the children playing on the playground behind him or the man that’s been walking his dog around in circles for the past fifteen minutes.

“You know, have you ever smelled the first snow of the year?” His eyebrows raise and his eyes seem genuinely curious. His hands go to wrap around his travel mug. Mike nods, urging Will to finish his thought. “It’s when everything’s just, clean.”

“I can see that.” Mike muses with a smile, taking Will’s free hand in his. “So, you’re like a psychic? You can smell when it’s going to snow?”

“I bet it’ll snow for two whole days.” Will grins and there’s a titter of a laugh there, just sitting on his lips. “And now we’ll just have to wait until then to see if I’m a true psychic.”

“Y’know, I have a thing for people with superpowers.” Mike jokes, lightly elbowing Will in the side.

“So if I’m not,” Will pouts. “You’ll dump me?”

Mike practically collapses when he sees Will’s puppy dog eyes, but they’re only there for a moment before they’re crinkling up at the corners and Will is grinning. Mike elbows again, somewhat lovingly. Will elbows him right back.

“And if I’m right,” Will muses. “You have to meet me out at Castle Byers at midnight with doughnuts and hot cocoa.”

“But Will-” Mike begins to whine. This happens everytime. Who would want to be out in the snow at midnight, regardless of what snacks Mike brought? At least they would be in Castle Byers and not exposed to the elements, but still. Mike knows he’s probably going to lose.

“It’ll be cold,” He finishes for him, burying his face into Mike’s shoulder. “But I feel like I should be rewarded for my gifts.”

Will is joking, of course he is. He's not conceited or full of himself, but he does like being right. He loves winning. Mike can remember when they won the science fair in the sixth grade and they got their picture taken with the trophy. That was the biggest smile that had probably ever graced that boy's face. That, or the time Mike told him that he had a crush on him.

"You're right," Mike wipes at Will's nose with a mitten clad glove.
"I'll buy the doughnuts before then."

"Always prepared to lose huh, Wheeler?" Will says haughtily, as if Mike hadn't spent their whole childhood beating the shorter one at air hockey. Mike had even given Will extra turns on Dig Dug and Street Fighter because he felt bad for crushing the poor boy with a score of seven to nothing.

"Yeah, always prepared to lose." Mike says, taking off his scarf and going to wrap it around Will's shoulders.

"Hey!" Will says, pushing Mike's hands away.

Mike looks at him, eyebrows raised. "You're cold, admit it." He affectionately *boops* Will's nose, at least that's what El calls it. "C'mon Byers, it's below freezing and you're wearing a jacket."

"Yeah, but then you'd be cold." Will's defensive stance goes away, but his reluctance to take Mike's scarf doesn't. "And you know how you get in the cold."

“Uh huh,” Mike says stubbornly, still holding out the scarf. “And I know how you get in the cold, so take it.”

And they both know exactly what they’re talking about. Will doesn’t mind the cold, really. They’ve been out here for about two hours and it really creeps up on him. The irritableness. The tingling feeling that he refuses to call frostbite. They’ll probably spend all of their time after this covered in blankets at Will’s house. Joyce will probably think Will is going to get a cold, and she’s probably right.

Will just huffs, his breath visible in the cold December air, and takes his loss as graciously as possible. He takes the scarf and wraps it tightly around his own neck, not even complaining about how the navy clashes with the orange of his coat.

“Happy now, Wheeler?” He crosses his arms over his chest as if pretending to be mad at his boyfriend.

“Never been happier, Byers.” Mike says, leaning into Will now that he was more exposed to the Indiana cold.

Never been happier.

Indiana weather is incredibly unpredictable. Mike Wheeler has lived in Hawkins, Indiana, his whole entire life. He can’t remember the last time that the weatherman was right or his dad had even bothered

looking at their household copy of the Farmer's Almanac.

Somehow, Will Byers defies the laws of Indiana weather.

It had started snowing the night only a few hours after they had headed back to Will's house. It was basically what felt like a snowstorm, and it lasted a full forty eight hours before stopping.

Mike was so glad that he stopped by the grocer's right after their park excursion. He had to call his mom when it started flurrying and tell her that he wouldn't even be able to make it home that night.

Now he's trekking out to Castle Byers, thermos and picnic basket in hand. His boots are struggling to make it through the thick snow and he's glad it's finally stopped, but he wonders when the damn stuff will melt.

Will is walking next to him, grin illuminated in the moonlight. He seems a lot happier to be out here than Mike is, but just the thought of Will having a good time makes him smile. He has his own thermos in hand, although he's not ladelled down with doughnuts. Why doughnuts? Mike is extremely curious.

When they settle down in Castle Byers, the silence is comfortable.

"Can you hand me a doughnut, Mike?" Will is sitting on the pile of blankets, wrapped in one too, as if he just realized that the cold can actually affect him. Mike can barely see him in this lighting, and he

has a flashlight in the basket. He knows bringing it out would ruin the mood.

“Mhm, I got you, Will.” He opens the basket and picks out one with chocolate icing, Will’s favorite.

Will picks the doughnut apart with his fingers, eating it bite by bite. He licks his fingers when he’s finished with it before wiping them on his jeans.

“Want another one?” Mike says quietly. Will shakes his head, leaning towards Mike and resting his head on Mike’s shoulder.

He takes a moment to take all this in. The snow, cuddling in Castle Byers, the doughnuts (which still make no sense to him), and the fact that he really loves Will Byers. He really does love Will Byers. Mike is snapped out of his thoughts when Will speaks up.

“How does it feel to have a psychic boyfriend?” Will murmurs, turning his face so he can bury it into the crook of Mike’s neck.

“Just a whole ‘nother reason to love him, I think.” The sound of Mike’s voice reverberates throughout the empty forest and in the empty fort. If the snow hadn’t weighed them down, he’s pretty sure he would be able to hear those rustling too.

Will hums and Mike can feel it against his neck. “You’re just mad ‘cause I won.”

Mike grins at him, ruffles his hair in the way that he knows Will loves, even if he pretends he doesn't like it. "I would've bought you doughnuts whether you won or not." Will hums like he knows it's true, it totally is.

"I know you would've, I just know you *really* hate snow."

Author's Note:

you can find me @stenbrouqhs on twitter!